

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1813.

[NO. 29.]

## FITZALBERT AND OLIVIA.

(Continued from our last.)

AS she had hoped and expected, she was immediately visited by the most genteel inhabitants of the city, and her house became the resort of the gay and fashionable idlers of the place: with officers she had, from her former situation, formed an extensive acquaintance, and she now omitted no opportunity of increasing the number; her rooms were, therefore, generally crowded with scarlet-clad beaux, who found them an agreeable lounge, while some discovered them to be convenient as well as agreeable, and did not scruple to add considerably to the lady's finances, by their liberal returns for secret services, and good offices with some of the fair damsels of the city. By such a line of conduct, as it may be imagined, her reputation must have suffered materially had not the utmost caution been practised in the arrangement of these affairs; but few persons who have ever engaged in the same profession have possessed a greater share of cunning than the lady in question, to which she added a dauntless spirit that defied the frowns of the fastidious, or the censures of the prudent; and as she continued to give splendid entertainments, and supported the exterior of decency, she was still visited, and her claims to fashionable pre-eminence was daily gaining increase, when a quondam friend and admirer, in the person of Colonel Herbert, renewed an intimacy with her; and it was at his instigation, and at his expense, she hired the beautiful cottage, some short way from the city, whither the unfortunate Olivia had permitted the colonel to escort her, in defiance of her husband's commands to the contrary. It was a charming retreat, and fitted up in the most tasteful manner imaginable; and Olivia was not the first of Mrs. Musgrave's female acquaintance, who had everlasting cause to regret the hour they entered its polluted walls, or became known to the Circe who presided there.

Of Colonel Herbert little need be said to convince the reader he was an unprincipled libertine! handsome, insinuating, artful, and agreeable; accounted by the world a man of honour, a brave defender of his country, formed to grace the drawing-room, or shine conspicuous in the field of glory; one who could well "engage the sight with many charms, and make vice lovely." To add Olivia, the admired, the beautiful Olivia, to the number of his conquests, was the first wish of the colonel's heart from the date of their acquaintance; and while passion was strengthened by vanity in prompting him to effect his purpose, his worthless co-adjutor was no less powerfully stimulated to aid his schemes, by the horrid passion of revenge, that detestable passion, which rages in the female bosom with the fiercest fury, when roused by the neglect of their charms, or by indifference displayed to their indelicate advances;—for what can equal

"Love to hatred turn'd,  
There is no fury like a woman scorn'd."

But to return to Olivia; conscious of her imprudence, and beginning to experience some apprehensions of its consequences; she had been but a short time in the retirement of her chamber, until she determined to return home at an early hour in the morning, acknowledge her error, and sue for pardon from a husband she could not, in her cooler moments, but be sensible had ever treated her with tenderest indulgence. Full of her good resolves, and impatient for the moment when it would be in her power to put them into practice; she had just lain down upon the bed, when she was startled by a noise in a closet adjoining her chamber, and raising herself upon her elbow to catch a repetition of the sounds, she perceived by the light of a lamp that burnt in the chimney, the figure of a man approaching to her bed; and ere she had power to express her astonishment, she was clasped in the arms of Colonel Herbert. Appalled with terror, she struggled to disengage herself from his grasp; but his strength was much superior to her's, and forcibly detaining her, he endeavoured to stifle her outcries by caresses, and entreaties to listen to the reasons which had led to his intrusion. But though Olivia had often been indiscreet, and by her levity of manner had, on various occasions, incurred a degree of blame she did not in fact deserve, she was still in possession of principles of virtue and fidelity to her husband; she therefore exerted all her force to free herself from his hold, and had actually so far succeeded in her endeavours to escape as to reach the door of the chamber, when to complete her distraction she found herself a prisoner, and that it was locked upon the outside;—in pity-moving a censure she implored the assistance of her perfidious friend, and called upon the name of Fitzalbert in an agony of passion; while the colonel sneeringly repeated his entreaties for her to cease such useless lamentations, as her husband was too far distant, he said, to hear her supplications, and Mrs. Musgrave too agreeably engaged in the society of an handsome young ensign, who had been of the party in the evening, to give heed to her fruitless petitions for release.—"Cease then, my charming Olivia," continued he, again attempting to enfold her in his embrace, "cease these ridiculous struggles, and for an instant only reflect how greatly your own behaviour has tended to impress me with the opinion, that you were not insensible to my attentions, nor unacquainted with my wishes.—The fracas which I witnessed yesterday convinced me you were totally indifferent to the happiness of Fitzalbert, nor could I imagine myself the object of your aversion, since you so visibly gave the preference to my escort hither, to the wishes of your husband, nay even his commands to remain at home. At any rate, if you are insensible to your own happiness, that is no reason why I should be regardless of mine: in the morning I am engaged to meet Fitzalbert, and grant him the satisfac-

tion he demands, and which will then, I hope, be due to his honour: his life or my own may perhaps pay the forfeit; but I imagine I have the best of the affair, as being a better marksman, and more accustomed to the business." He would have proceeded, but a scream of horror sounded in his ears, and he beheld Olivia extended on the floor, apparently a lifeless corse; her beautiful features distorted by terror, and her skin livid as that of one who had met a sudden death.

Alarmed at the sight, he attempted to raise her in his arms, but failed in his endeavours to remove her from the spot where she had sunk.—He bathed her face with water without effect, and becoming really terrified, he called upon her name with wildness, while life seemed fled for ever, and he found it necessary to summon the abettor of his plot; who, vexed at his unseasonable interruption, and enraged at the failure of a scheme she had herself projected, reproached him with folly in mentioning the intended meeting with Fitzalbert, and pusillanimity in feeling such alarm at Olivia's situation—"Words rose on words," and in a transport of rage the colonel quitted the house; when Mrs. Musgrave calling up her female attendants, applied some remedies for the restoration of Olivia's senses; but the blow had been a severe one, and it was not until after repeated fainting fits, that she was made to swallow a cordial that served to lull her to rest; where for the present we shall leave her, and attend Fitzalbert to the place of meeting with his antagonist, who being himself slightly wounded in the leg, shot Fitzalbert in the shoulder, the bone of which was so much injured, that it was at first imagined amputation would be necessary; but though it was saved by the skill of his surgeons, he never regained the proper use of his arm, and was for several weeks considered in a state of the greatest danger, and in violent pain. From the field he had been conveyed home in a state of indescribable agony, doubled by the intelligence that the colonel had passed the night in Olivia's chamber; intelligence communicated as he approached the place of meeting by a note from Mrs. Musgrave, who having failed in her attempt to wound him in reality, was determined, at least, to satisfy her revengeful passion, by giving a mortal stab to his own peace, and that of the luckless Olivia.

It is impossible to describe Olivia's feelings upon hearing of her husband's deplorable situation;—she wept—she raved—she vowed not to survive him if his life became the forfeit of her indiscretion; and quitting the now-detested mansion of her perfidious friend, she hurried home, and forcing her way to Fitzalbert's chamber, on her knees besought him to forgive her imprudence, and restore her to his favour; at that time, however, he was not in a condition to hold converse with her, and the surgeons requested her not to risk his life, by her wild attempts to prevail on him to speak. For some time she was deaf to their remonstrances, and resisted every entreaty to quit the apartment, and leave the patient to re-



pose; at length she permitted them to lead her to a distant part of the house, from whence she was continually sending enquiries after the invalid, and wearying herself and all around her, by her incoherent lamentations and impatience.

(To be continued.)

### THE FORTUNATE WIFE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

(Concluded.)

BEFORE setting out for the place of his retirement, he thought it due to the memory of his departed friend, to take a solemn farewell of his widow; and to express his sense of the obligations she had laid him under, by the continual marks of benevolence he had received from her, in the long course of their mutual acquaintance.

When he waited upon her to this intent, he found her inditing a letter; which, after he had paid his proposed devoirs, and taken his final leave, she put into his hands, and begged he would peruse at his leisure.

You may imagine that his curiosity was not a little excited to know its contents. He was not less surprised on perusing it, to find that his friend's widow was so partially inclined in his favour.

It was short, but said much: it acquainted him, that after consulting herself, she found that no man so nearly resembled the friend she had lost as himself. She wondered after so long, so intimate, and so cordial an acquaintance, he could bid her an everlasting adieu, without inevitable necessity; that she had reason to think he had a stronger regard for her, than his pride and his circumstances would suffer him to acknowledge; that if what she had heard of the opinion he had lately expressed of her was true, he should come and avow it in her presence, if unhappily she was mistaken, she desired he would return the letter, and bury the contents in silence and oblivion.

Some days before, Darcy had, it seems, been particularly lavish of his praises on her, at an entertainment, where some of the company were lamenting her misfortune, in losing so early in life, so amiable, and accomplished a man as her late husband.

He spoke with uncommon warmth and earnestness on this occasion; and concluded by observing, that women of such exalted merit ought to be rewarded with diadems; that none but kings were worthy of them; and that were he to wish for a crown, it would only be for the sake of placing another on her head.

This compliment soon came to her knowledge and gave her infinite satisfaction. She had long sought for an opportunity of making him acquainted with her own sentiments; but his extreme reserve and modesty, though they could not conceal from the lady's discernment what passed within his mind, still afforded no explicit pretence to declare herself.

I need not say, that after reading her letter he felt himself no ways inclined to bury it in oblivion. He obeyed the lady's summons with due alacrity: he directly waited upon her, confirmed the truth of what had been reported to her, confessed that he had long cherished the highest regard for her person, and that nothing but the immense disproportion of their respective circumstances, had prevented him from making that confession, which her generosity had extorted from him.

The conclusion was, that in a few days Melinda and Darcy were happily united in the bonds of wedlock, to the great joy of all her friends and dependants, but to the surprize of none.

### SIGNS.

[The following humorous account of Signs in London we copy from a respectable English publication, which, though rather local, is not unlike many of our oddities in this particular.]

BEING a man of independent fortune, rather advanced in years, and of a very curious disposition, I frequently amuse myself with perambulating the streets, and endeavour to glean such food as may tend to gratify my ravenous appetite for inquiry. It has often struck me, that many Signs are so opposite the profession they are intended to designate, that some remedy should be applied; for I thought we should have a great influx of foreigners when peace shall take place, who may find themselves much disappointed on enquiry at the *Lamb Public House for fleecy hoary*; and at the *Rose Bario for a bouquet*.

Walking the other day in Smithfield, I was surprised at observing a sign called the "*Cow and Snuffers*!" and whilst I was endeavouring to throw some light upon the subject, and puzzling myself in attempting to discover how a cow could snuff a candle, or even a *farthing rush light*, I was saluted, on turning round, with a fine varnished board, on which some artist had exercised his ingenuity in painting a "*Goat in Boots*!"—I first thought this a satire on our old *debauchees*, most of whom hide their spindled legs in the tassled Hessian; but was told it conveyed quite a different meaning. Pursuing my walk, I observed against a strong new-built house, "*A Hole in the Wall*;" and chancing to pass near the *Fleet Prison*, perceived, with some surprize, a "*Friend at Hand*." Over a house kept by "*Nic Coward*" I saw the "*Fighting Cocks*;" and at a *trimming rendezvous* I remarked the "*Tree of Liberty*!" "*The Jolly Gardeners*" were stuck up at a *putt-house*: and it was with much mortification I detected the "*Three Graces*" at a *Gin Shop*. Passing by a public-house, the landlady of which was exercising the most *clamorous volubility*, I could scarcely credit my eyes on viewing "*the Good Woman*;" or, in other words, "*a Woman without a Head*." Entering a house for refreshment, I was told, after calling the waiter for an hour, that I was at the sign of the "*Bell*;" and upon desiring the master of the "*Hen and Chicken*" to send me home a fine *Capon*; he showed me some *cambric*, and assured me it was under *prime cost*. The most ominous sign for the *Customer*, I thought was the "*Three Pigeons*;" and I own it was with considerable astonishment, when, after ordering a bed at the "*Feathers*," I was compelled to pass the night on a *straw mattress*. I breakfasted at the "*Red Cow*," where there was *no milk* to be had; nor could I procure a single *rasher of bacon* at the "*Sow and Pigs*."—Where it worth while I might particularise the different gradations of *crowned heads*, but I cannot help mentioning other incongruities I witnessed during my walk; such as a "*Ship*," full sale up *Holborn Hill*; a castle over a hovel; the sign of the "*Bull*," kept by a Frenchman; and the "*White Swan*," by a *Blackamoor*: independent of "*Red Lions*," "*Blue Boars*," and all the perverted monsters of the forest.

Where Signs properly analogous to the dispositions and professions of men, much good might accrue to society from such a *Pharos* to the unwary. I therefore recommend that

A Courtier	be represented by a	Jackal;
A Sailor	-	Bull-dog;
A Lawyer	-	Vulture;
An Alderman,	-	Turtle;
A Politician looking for an office,	-	Lion;
A Politician in Office,	-	Lamb.

### FROM THE POLYANTHOS.

O let us still the secret joy partake

To follow virtue, e'en for virtue's sake.

FONDNESS for fame is certainly common to all mankind; but our sex are more peculiarly accused of a vain love of admiration. Permit me, then, my fair readers, to suggest the means, which, in my opinion, will procure you the greatest number of valuable admirers.

If what is said of *first sight impressions* be just, and I believe it is not far from the truth—it is no doubt natural, and even laudable, to endeavour that these impressions should be agreeable. But how is it possible to please the infinitely various tastes and judgments one meets with? How shall we twist and coil ourselves into such motley shapes? One person will be pleased with the *simpering miss*, who laughs eternally at her own, and the supposed wit of her companions: he will look on such a young lady as infinitely good-humoured and entertaining. Another will be fascinated with the *real mother-wit*, which flashes from the boisterous, noisy, mirth-loving fair, who freely analyzes her acquaintance in every company, and makes herself and companions merry at their expense. Thus it again occurs, how is a poor girl to manage, to please these various fancies? If we wish for loud and clamorous admiration, I believe we must sit down in despair; but if we are content with being an object of universal complacency and regard, we may acquire it by the simple means of unambitious and unaffected modesty; by a mild attention to those around us, which exhibits less a wish to shine, than to oblige, by contributing our share towards the subject of conversation. A young lady, thrown by chance into the company of a number of strangers of the other sex, behaving in this manner, will interest them all for her safety and accommodation; and if, at the same time, she be *habited* more like the daughter of wisdom than the votary of folly, (for all men judge of a lady's mind by her dress) she will be in no danger of rudeness, even from the most licentious; and although no individual may pour forth a profusion of compliments, and endeavour to impress her with the idea of his being deeply smitten; although neither of the gentlemen, when by themselves, should mention her name, or swear she was "*a devilish fine girl*;" yet their hearts, one and all, would bend so far at the shrine of native modesty, as to insure her every respectful and pleasing attention. Let me then advise my fair friends to forego all violent ambition to shine, and content themselves with that humble and modest deportment, which will secure respect, though it may not excite admiration; and if they wish to dazzle by the brilliancy of their wit, or the vivacity of their character, to display these dangerous talents only in the circles of fraternal affection, or under the sanction of the parental roof.



## Variety.

## CURE.

A certain Cardinal was so afflicted with a quinsy, that he was almost choked, and the disease not being conquerable by medicines, his physicians left him as incurable. His servants minutely expecting his death, fell to plundering his lodgings, taking away the hangings, pictures, statues, carpets, cushions, and even his cardinal's robes, while he looked upon them, but could not reprove them, being unable to speak. The Cardinal had an ape, who seeing all his house-mates providing for themselves, he thought to come in for his share in the dividend, and entering the chamber, employed himself very busily to see what was left for him; and finding nothing but the Cardinal's cap, he clapped it on his head, and frisked up and down, as extremely pleased with his new promotion, at which the almost expiring Cardinal fell into a very vehement fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy in his throat, and having discharged it by vomiting, recovered his health, and after that his stolen goods.

## RELIGIOUS TOLERATION AMONG THE TURKS.

They glory that whereas all other nations oppress their subjects on account of religious differences, they allow of an universal toleration, and pay the greatest regard to those who distinguish themselves by a strict observance of the religion they profess.

As to religion, all that the most zealous Mahomedans do in order to make converts, is by way of discourse and argument; but this zeal is rarely found. Toleration may here be seen in its utmost extent, founded upon several passages of the koran, the substance whereof is, that every one, Christian or Jew, who worships God, and leads a good life, will certainly be blessed of God. All the attempts of Christians to extirpate Mahometanism have not set them upon repealing this toleration. It is impossible, say they, that a Christian, compelled to embrace the koran, should be a good Mussulman. He only wears the mask while it suits his convenience; their principle being, that there may be good of any religion; but the Mussulmen will be distinguished by God as his greatest favourites.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1813.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

WE have nothing very important to communicate this week from Europe, except that Spain has concluded a treaty of peace with Sweden. This information has been received by a vessel from Lisbon, arrived at Boston, which has brought news to the 1st of August: the latest news from Lord Wellington represent him as fortifying the Pyrenees at his leisure.

An Irish newspaper contains a tribute of respect to the memory of the late brave capt. Allen of the Argus, for his generosity and humanity to the many prisoners he had taken while cruising off the coast of Ireland.

The account published last week from Concord, N. H. about Montreal having been taken, is not true. However, it is not unlikely but by this time it may have had

a trial to that effect, as gen. Wilkinson with about 7000 men had left Grenadier island, and descended the St. Lawrence, in numerous boats, passing the British fort at Prescott on the night of the 6th inst. with the loss of only two killed and three wounded. It is also said that gen. Hampton, who had returned to the Four Corners from his late irruption into Canada, by land by the way of Champlain, had again moved forward by the same route, to open a road through what is called the La Cade woods, for the purpose of covering with his army (it is said 4000 strong) the necessary supplies of stores and provisions for gen. Wilkinson's army, which has to engage gen. Prevost's army before Montreal.

The late movement of gen. Hampton into Canada, it is said, was only intended to favor the movements of gen. Wilkinson. Nothing official of this affair as yet has been published; but it is said his loss has not exceeded 50 in killed and wounded.

An article from Troy, says about 1000 British Canadian soldiers entered the village of Champlain, borders of Canada, on the night of the 11th inst. and plundered two or three stores of about 1000 dollars in goods, carrying off a number of horses, taking off watches and wearing apparel from several persons.

Accounts from Halifax say that about 1500 prisoners remain there, and were very sickly, 4 or 5 dying every day. Admiral Warren, with a number of 74 and frigates were in port. Several neutral vessels bound to the United States had been carried in there, some for a breach of blockade, and others for having on board articles contraband of war. We likewise notice the arrival there lately of several recaptured vessels.

A Quebec paper murmuring at our successes on the lakes, charges the British government with neglect, in not providing in season a force sufficient for the defence of the lakes, which, it is said, must prove ruinous to their provinces.

The adjutant-general of the British forces in Canada, by order of the commander in chief, has issued a general order, dated Montreal, Oct. 27, stating, that as general Dearborn had in close confinement 23 British soldiers as hostages for 23 soldiers made prisoners at Queenstown, which, as British subjects, had been sent to England to be tried for treason; that orders had been received from the Prince Regent to imprison 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers, as hostages for the safety of the 23 British soldiers confined by order of the American government—and that in case any of the said British soldiers should be executed, they would then proceed to put to death double the number executed by us.

Accounts from the lakes mention that the oldest inhabitant do not recollect such a stormy October as the last: snow knee deep about the middle of the month, the weather moderating afterwards about the end until the 10th of this month. The weather here has partaken in some degree of the cold and changes of the mountain and lake countries. It was so cold here the 12th, as to freeze the limbs of some persons on board a sound vessel. The weather has moderated again with a violent gale last Thursday night from E. & S. E.

The schr. Inca, from La Teste (France) belonging to Baltimore, with a cargo of silks, &c. valued at 90,000 dollars, has been chased ashore, a few days since, at the Racoon Keys, near Cape Romain, by the British, and destroyed, after taking out the most valuable part of her cargo.

The British brig Borer has taken near the Sound the sloop Providence Packet Huntress from New-York, with a cargo of flour, butter, &c. The sloop New-York from New York, to Fair-haven, with a valuable cargo of flour, &c. and a ship loaded with coal from Rhode-Island to this port appears also to have been taken by the above brig.

The American schr. Cynthia, has been taken on her way from New-Haven to Halifax, under a British licence, by the Water Witch privateer, and sent into New-Bedford. The Cynthia was loaded with flour, and mistaking the privateer for one of the enemy's cruisers, the capt. produced his licence.

The schr. Mary, loaded with rice, from Charleston to New-York, was taken a few hours after sailing; the cargo taken out, and the vessel destroyed.

The noted privateer Liverpool Packet, has been recaptured by the British brig of war Fantome, captain Lawrence. Very honorable mention has been publicly made by the commander of the privateer, for the kind and generous treatment himself and crew experienced from capt. Lawrence and crew.

A letter from St. Mary's, Maryland, says, the enemy have again appeared to harass and annoy us; but the most terrible evil, however, is the defection of the negroes, which is extending to a ruinous and most

alarming extent. Between one and two hundred have joined the fleet last week.

The British frigate Woolwich, serving as a store ship, has been lost on the island of Barbuda. Officers and crew saved.

The Laurestinus sloop of war is lost on her way from the Chesapeake to Bermuda. Officers and crew saved. The Mary and Amelia, with Ordnance Stores, from England to Quebec, has been abandoned a wreck on the banks of Newfoundland.

Three of the enemy's barges in attempting to cut out some small vessels on the coast of North-Carolina, it is said lost one barge and all hands by the breakers, and the other two were captured by the militia at New-Inlet.

From Georgia we see it noticed, that the army under gen. Floyd had passed the frontier of that state, for the Creek nation.

It also appears these savages find a ready market for their plunder of horses and cattle in the Spaniards at Pensacola, who supply them amply with necessaries and arms and ammunition.

The annual Charter Election of this city closed last Thursday evening, which divides equally its government between the two great parties; there being five wards Federal Republican, and five wards Democratic Republican.

## Nuptial.

## MARRIED.

By the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. William Wood to Miss Ann James, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Francis Pasman, jun. to Miss Mary Cosine, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Bayard, James Hamilton, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Heyward, both from the State of South Carolina.

By the Rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Francis F. Luqueere, to Miss Mary Shields, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Moore, Capt. John Miller, to Miss Caroline M. Sinclair, daughter of Capt. J. Sinclair, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Henry Hains, of this city, to the amiable Miss Matilda Larnin of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. Dr. Bowen, Dr. Samuel W. Moore, to Miss Emily Constable, daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Constable.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. G. A. Cooper, Dr. Gerardus A. Cooper, to Miss Ann L. Bruce, daughter of the late Peter Bruce, merchant of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Brady, Mr. Aaron Burk, to Miss Catharine Lohy, all of this city.

At Red Springs (L. I.) on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Earl, Mr. Joseph Coles, merchant, of this city, to Miss Sarah Carpenter, daughter of Mr. James Carpenter, of the former place.

At German Flatts, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Elisha Mason, Mr. Henry Hackley, merchant, of Herkimer, to Miss Racilla Brewster, daughter of Captain Brewster, of New-York.

## Obituary.

## DIED.

In this city, on Friday, suddenly, Mrs. Van Dyke, aged 66, widow of the late Rev. Henry Van Dyke.

Of a lingering illness, Mrs. Sarah Pindy wife of Samuel Pindy, aged 29 years.

Mr. James Hock, of a short but painful sickness.

Of a lingering illness, Mrs. Marietta Hutton, late of Troy.

Mrs. Jane Warner, aged 72 years.

Miss J. B. C. C. Graves, aged 27 years, second daughter of Mr. J. Boonen Graves, merchant, of this city.

On Wednesday afternoon, Sarah, the wife of William Cozzens.

Mr. Thaddeus Keeler, aged 27 years.

At Staten Island, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, wife of Capt. Donald Campbell, in the 66th year of her age.

The city inspector reports the death of 39 persons, from Nov. 6, to 13.



## Seat of the Muses.

### MY FATHER IS AT THE HELM.

On hearing an anecdote to the above purport, impressively introduced by a justly admired preacher, in his sermon.

BEHOLD yon ship by storms and tempests driven,  
Rocking and reeling o'er the vast profound,  
While angry ocean's surges dash towards heaven,  
And horror and dread ruin rage around.

The heart-sunk mariners, apall'd, aghast,  
Now here, now there, in wild confusion flee,  
Despairing to survive the furious blast,  
Their graves expect to be the billowy sea.

Gone e'en the hope of hope, one of the crew,  
His eye-balls glaring with distraction wild,  
Flies to the cabin; instant met his view,  
Playing, and perfectly compos'd, a child:

"We're lost! all lost! art not afraid?" he cries,  
"E'en now the swelling seas the ship o'erwhelm!"  
With sweet composure, No, the child replies,  
I'm not afraid, my father's at the helm!

So on the ocean of this mortal life,  
Where fiercest storms of sin and passion rage;  
Where reason, truth, and error are at strife,  
And powers of darkness the dread contest wage:

Where tempests of affliction ever rise,  
And clouds of gloomy sadness ever roll;  
Where suffering virtue in prostration lies,  
And floods of sorrow seem to sink the soul:

Thrice blest is he, who by experience knows,  
Though ruin dire this scene of things o'erwhelm,  
Or change what may, his safety and repose  
Are sure; his Heavenly Father's at the helm!

### THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

LET the great man his treasure possessing,  
Pomp and splendour forever attend;  
I prize not the shadowy blessing,  
I ask—the affectionate friend.

Though foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,  
His footsteps from wisdom depart;  
Yet my spirit shall never forsake him;  
If he owns the affectionate heart.

Affection! thou soother of care,  
Without thee unfriended we rove;  
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,  
And thy voice is the voice of a dove.

Mid the anguish that preys on the breast;  
And the storms of mortality's state;  
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,  
But the joys that on sympathy wait?

What is fame, bidding envy defiance,  
The idol and bane of mankind,  
What is wit, what is learning or science,  
To the heart that is steadfast and kind?

Even genius may weary the sight,  
By too fierce and too constant a blaze;  
But affection, mild planet of night!  
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms  
That encircle creation decay;  
It shall live 'mid the wide wasting storms;  
That bear all undistinguished away.

When time, at the end of his race,  
Shall expire with expiring mankind,  
It shall stand on its permanent base;  
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.

### ADDRESS TO A JUG OF RUM.

HERE only by a cork control'd,  
And slender walls of earthen mould,  
In all the pomp of death, repose  
The seeds of many a bloody nose;  
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;  
The fist for fighting nothing loath;  
The passion which no words can tame,  
That bursts like sulphur into flame;  
The nose carbuncled, glowing red;  
The bloated eye, the broken head;

The tree that bears the deadly fruit  
Of murder, maiming, and dispute;  
Assault that Innocence assails;  
The images of gloomy jails;  
The giddy thought, on mischief bent;  
The midnight hour in riot spent;  
All these within this Jug appear,  
And Jack, the hangman, in the rear!

### TO NIGHT.

SWEET Night! resplendent with thy thousand eyes,  
Friend of the wretched, solemn, and sublime!  
To me thy gloom a transient calm supplies,  
And joys renew, which, in the lapse of time,  
Seem'd lost—my bosom thrills—return not day;  
This solemn scene instructs the Muse's lay,  
Each starry orb shoots forth a twinkling ray.

Sacred to Peace thy balmy opium pour,  
Solace the weary, close grief's languid eye,  
And with bless'd semblance soothe the present hour,  
That from the world awhile each care may fly,  
O, what a thought! what heavenly extacy!  
Why check'd so soon by an obtrusive sigh?

Cannot the world one hour of peace possess?  
Is every moment mark'd with human pain?  
Do sickness, passion, vice, and keen distress,  
O'er human nature hold perpetual reign?  
Alas! stern truth!—to shun thy voice is vain,  
E'en now pangs writhe the heart, and tears the pillow stain.

Soft fall the dew-drops on the thirsty leaf,  
The nightly breeze regales the heated air;  
Refresh'd, my bosom feels the kind relief;  
Come, wandering Muse, my sweet sensations share!  
This solemn scene instructs the Muse's lay,  
Each starry orb shoots forth a twinkling ray.

## Morality.

FROM THE LITERARY MISCELLANY.

### ON TYRANNY.

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say,  
I play the torturer by small and small,  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.  
Shakespeare.

THERE is no character so universally hated, as that of a *Tyrant*; nor is there any more derogatory to the human species. It has been argued by many, that a man is doing a peculiar service to his country, in hurling a Tyrant from the world. But notwithstanding, it is my opinion that no man is justifiable in taking the life of a Tyrant. The laws of a civilized world, are such, as to give us ample redress for any injuries we may sustain. One who commits murder in any shape, or way, or under any pretence whatever, is in the highest degree criminal. And an individual has no right to take upon himself, that which devolves on the laws of his country. From sordid and contracted principles, generally arise the *Traitor*, and the *Tyrant*. One betrays his trust for gold; while the other tramples on the rights and liberties of his fellow creatures; and generally through a vain ambition, is cut off in the midst of his career. An usurper, is generally a Tyrant; for he who, to satisfy his own ambitious desires, wrongs another of his right; can be looked on in no other light. No sooner are his exalted views satisfied in one respect, than he has something else to obtain. His career generally has a dreadful termination. If he be a monarch, his life is generally sought after; either by conspirators, or individuals. If he be a private character, a curse always attends him.

A Tyrant can be respected by no one: and those who pay the greatest deference to his will, generally abhor him most. His most immediate friends detest him, though they

put on an appearance of civility, either from fear or self-interest. Brutus deprived Cæsar of life because he saw where Cæsar's ambition was leading him. Was Brutus, as an individual, justifiable? No. Why did not Brutus suggest some other plan to rid Rome of a tyrant? Could they not have made an exile of him? Could they not have banished him to some foreign clime, where his ambition could have had no scope, and where he might have lived to repent his conduct? But Brutus, like the midnight assassin, taking advantage of the trust reposed in him by Cæsar, with the rest of his murderous crew, seized on him in an unsuspecting moment, and plunged their daggers to his heart. Was this behaving like a man of honour! No; it has added an eternal stigma to the name of Brutus; for although he joined this conspiracy against the life of Cæsar under the pretence of serving his country by ridding her of an ambitious ruler, he went to work in the most barbarous manner, and was ever after the most wretched of men.

The avenging hand of heaven soon stops the reign of tyranny; and the presumptuous mortal, who in direct defiance of the laws of God and man, deprives a fellow-creature of life, ends his own miserable days in ignominious wretchedness.

## Anecdotes.

### A CURE FOR A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

The late Duke of Richmond had some capital hunters in Sussex. A monkey who was kept in the same stable was remarkably fond of riding the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the Duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is so fond of riding," said his grace, "we'll endeavor to give him enough of it." A complete jockey dress was provided for the monkey, and the next time the hounds went out, jacko in his uniform was strapped to the back of one of the best hunters. The view-hollow being given, away they went, through thick and thin: the horse carrying so light a weight presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm-house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. *Aye zure*, (said the man), *he be gone over yon fallow.* "And was there any one up with him?" "Whoy, yez (said John) there be a little man in a yellow jacket, riding as though the devil be in um.—I hope from my heart the young gentleman may'nt meet with a fall, for he rides most monstrous hard."

The experiment had the desired effect; jacko was sufficiently chafed by his exercise to make him dislike the sight of a horse or a stable ever afterwards.

### A SECRET SELDOM DIVULGED.

Bayle says that a woman will inevitably divulge every secret with which she is entrusted, except one,—and that is *her own age*.

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